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THE ANTI-UNION.

PRICE 2D.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1799.

No. XIX.

TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF IRELAND.

Utunque ferent ea facta minores
Vincet amor patriæ.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you have displayed a virtue seldom paralleled; so do you stand in a situation altogether without precedent. For the first time in the history of the empire has the vote of parliament been deemed a dead letter, and its voice a *brutum fulmen*. For the first time has a minister confronted the House of Commons in the very moment of his defeat, and declared a resolution to persevere in a measure fresh branded by their reprobation. I speak not of the shameless and abandoned effrontery of the boy; the present time is too precious to waste upon an unworthy individual, and public indignation should not be thrown away upon an object appropriated by contempt. But I speak of the constitutional novelty, and I exhort you to survey with steady and studious attention the political phenomenon of a government, stabilitating its projects upon the disapprobation of Parliament. Hitherto the courtesy of the constitution has considered a ministerial majority as speaking the sense of parliament; and by a construction which has been submitted to, even when it has been murmured at, such has been called the voice of the people. Even this has been limited by the decency of former days; and the minister who found himself supported by a *mere majority*, has uniformly retired. But the gradual relaxation of modern politics has, since the administration of Mr. Pitt, restrained the old fashioned principle; and the greatest moderation which the people have been warranted of late to expect from the minister, is that he would abandon a particular measure when he found he was not able to carry it. Much was expected from the youthful patriotism of Lord Castlereagh, and it was very little doubted by those who knew him, that if he had but a majority of *one*, he was too constitutional not to act upon it. But his Lordship has gone further—he has outstripped expectation—he has discovered a new principle, and revealed a new system in politics. He is the first minister who, in the same moment that he was left in a minority, had the spirit to address the House of Commons in this remarkable language—*I will persevere in the measure which you have rejected*. He is the first minister who has displaced the servants of the crown because they voted with the majority in parliament. He may claim all the distinction of exhibiting to an irritated people in an inflammable moment, the provoking spectacle of the executive

committed with the representative. These certainly are novelties justly reserved for an age of wonders, and appropriately allotted to an age of revolutions. Such events were never foreseen by the simplicity of our ancestors; and were the shades of Sir Robert Walpole and Lord North to return upon earth, they would listen to the tale with fastidious incredulity.

While I hold up these things to your astonishment, I do not intend to excite that *mute wonder*, which the modest minister will not fail to tell you is *involuntary praise*. I trust you will peruse with attention the instructive page which he has opened, and I hope that your comment may be practical. Let these facts open your eyes at once to the nature of that measure which the minister says you have in vain rejected. Read Lord Castlereagh's conduct, and Mr. Pitt's speech together, and learn from these faithful documents what an Union is.

The veil is honestly withdrawn; it is no longer pretended that an Union is made necessary by our recent calamities, or recommended by commercial advantages; we are called away by the minister at once from all those amusing and instructive speculations in which we have indulged upon this interesting subject. How it is to bear upon our religious distinctions—how it might affect our trade, were good topics for pamphlets and for speeches—they might *point a moral*, or *adorn a tale*. Even Mr. Cooke's ingenuity has become obsolete, and it is no longer necessary for the Castle to demonstrate that an Union, like a nostrum, is good for all disorders. Ever since the D'Oyer Hundred addressed, it has been forgotten that Cork might have been benefited by the injuries of Ireland; all abstract discussions, and practical calculations, are at an end. Mr. Pitt has simplified the question, has brought it to a point, and wit and argument and self-interest may repose. Not to meet temporary inconvenience, but to counteract permanent mischief, is an Union intended. *To reclaim the BARBARISM of Ireland—to improve the UNDERSTANDINGS of the Irish—to put an end to a parliament, which from radical defect of constitution CANNOT SERVE THE COUNTRY*—and to expunge every trace of *that measure, the CHILDISH MEASURE, of the independence of the parliament of Ireland*.^{*} These are the objects of an Union—these are the projects, and this is the language of the minister. You are at once at issue with him, whether you will give him your constitution or not. Gentlemen, I feel a reverence for you which could be little understood by the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, and in the spirit of that feeling, I forbear to insult your understandings (*all barbarous as they are*) by com-

* Vide Mr. Pitt's Speech.

menting upon this insolent attack. If I thought that the spirit of the Irish House of Commons required to be roused to a sense of its insulted and outraged dignity, I should not harbour a wish for its existence, but should hasten the accomplishment of its ruin, and rejoice with Mr. Pitt in the overthrow of a parliament *radically incapable of serving my country.*

Observe the conduct of the Irish, walking hand in hand with the language of the English minister—Observe nearly two thirds of the counties of Ireland and most of the principal cities, declaring explicitly against this innovation—the cry of the public dissatisfaction hourly swelling, the metropolis unanimous, and the disinterested D'Oyer Hundred of Cork confirming a general sentiment by its solitary exception—this universal feeling functioned within your walls, and the voice of the Irish parliament, echoing the voice of the Irish people, and all this, slighted and contemned, audaciously defied by Mr. Pitt, and frigidly disregarded by his deputy.

There is more in the picture of the present moment worthy of your attention:—If government have interfered to crush the expression of the public opinion—If a letter has been written from the Castle to procure the suppression of a constitutional meeting of electors in one place—If in another, a General of a district has publicly prohibited a similar meeting upon pain of dispersion by the soldiery—If these things have happened, (*and they have happened,*) you will be naturally induced to enquire further into the situation of your country.—It may no longer perhaps be a matter of curiosity and conjecture that every packet which announces the pertinacity of the defeated minister, announces at the same time the march of fresh troops for Ireland, and that at the close of the rebellion, we are astonished by the rapid influx of those succours whose tardy approaches we lamented in the commencement of it. When all these things are considered, smaller matters will cease to surprise. It will then be nothing but consistency that a government print in England should have published a gross, false, and libellous, misstatement of the proceedings of the Irish parliament, and have represented your victory over the enemy of your country, as the tumultuous and disorderly triumph of intemperate faction, and whether this slander shall have been invented in London, or transmitted from the Castle, whether the English minister fabricated it to deceive the English nation, or the Irish secretary to excuse himself to his master, it will equally harmonize with the remainder of the picture.*

* *Extracted from the Sun of the 28th of January, 1799.*

“A more disorderly debate scarcely ever, we believe, took place in any of the *Assemblies of France* since the beginning of the Revolution, than in the *Irish House of Commons* on the question respecting the Union. The speeches of those who were in favour of the measure were received with *hisses* and *groans*, and those who were adverse were cheered with the *plaudits* and *huzzas* not only of the *Members*, but of the *galleries*. The *tribunes* of the *French Assemblies* perhaps never interfered in a manner more likely to influence the deliberation, than

I acknowledge however, that in this system, one thing astonishes me, and I can attribute to nothing but to Lord Castlereagh's constitutional decorum, that wish to preserve appearances which induces him to exert ministerial ingenuity in order to procure *a minority in parliament*. I candidly set this down to his patriotism, and when I see the violence of his measures thinning the treasury bench, I console myself by observing that his public spirit recruits it. When I see a legal preferment given to a barrister without professional business, under the auspices of a political Lord Chancellor, and a Colonelcy of Militia refused to an old soldier, and given to a lubberly country gentleman in the administration of a *Martinet*, I hail with much satisfaction the only symptoms which the secretary has betrayed of any regard for the opinion of the House of Commons.

Gentlemen, in such a crisis, *what is to be done?* I presume not to advise that wisdom, or to stimulate that public spirit, which have so recently distinguished themselves. I do not intend to weary you with arguments against this abominable measure which you so lately have reprobated—you are sensible of its mischiefs already. You have *proved* that if Ireland loses her House of Commons she will lose her friends. You know that a military government must be substituted in exchange, and that the men who have argued that Ireland may be made another Yorkshire, and is sufficiently proximate to England for a common legislative, admit that it is sufficiently distinct for a separate and deputed executive. You know what a military government is, even with a parliament, and I trust we never shall experience what it is without one. You are conscious of the absurdity upon the face of this proposition—that the Irish gentry, in order to acquire a capability of serving their country, must remove four hundred miles from it. You see plainly that this is with the minister a desperate measure of finance and revenge—that in his own speech he states it openly to be revenge for our counteraction of his propositions in 1785, and of his regency politics in 1789, and that in the King's message the financial bait was thrown out to the English, which had been artfully hid from the Irish parliament, that it was a measure to *augment and consolidate the resources of the British empire*. You have already perceived how this project would overstride the British Constitution, and open a broad approach for that despotism, which has so long gradually advanced upon it.

the strangers upon this occasion are said to have done. The most *offensive language* was held by some of the opponents to the measure towards its supporters, and it is a fact, that many of the latter left the House, not chusing to remain in so tumultuous an assembly.”

I add another and striking instance of the professed and systematic contempt of the feelings of Ireland upon which Government has grounded this measure. On Friday the 18th January, 1799, four days before the debate on the Address, when the Castle was flushed with success, rashly anticipated, a ministerial paper, called the *Hibernian Telegraph*, notoriously conducted by an English Secretary, openly libelled the memory of the Volunteers, and informed the public that in the year 1782 the *Irish parliament* acted under the influence of *an armed and illegitimate BANDITTI*.

You have not shut your eyes upon this simple consequence of the measure, that tho' the countries are nominally and metaphysically united, they will continue *naturally* distinct, and that when the Irish militia have marched into England, and the English into Ireland, as into contiguous counties, the king will have, to all *practical purposes*, a standing army in both countries. All these, and many more topics, upon the subject of an Union, have been already elaborately and ably discussed, both within and without your walls, and nothing remains for me, but to suggest, that by an Union, Ireland will lose *one good friend*, whom once lost, she can never recover. I speak of a friend from whom she has derived all the blessings she at present enjoys, and, I trust, will derive more. Permit me to recommend to your attention, that friend of my country—

A SHORT MONEY-BILL;

that is the friend to whom we owe our Mutiny Bill, our Octennial Bill, our Free Trade, and our Free Constitution; you that are old enough to remember this country since Lord Townsend's time, well know that I do not overvalue this friend to Ireland. This is the only friend who can serve us, when a Minister seeks to out-vote us, by a minority. This is the friend who achieved that measure, (I use the words of Mr. Pitt) that *childish* measure, the independence of Ireland, which in the year 1782, her Parliament and her People pledged themselves to yield but with their lives.

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your very devoted humble Servant,

HINT.

MR. HANDY, of the Royal Circus, Foster-place, feels himself bound to apologize to a liberal public for the failure of his late performance, which had excited so much expectation. It was entirely owing to want of management and training, that so many of the cattle ran restive, ran out of the course, kicked, started, plunged, and took the stud. He intends that they shall be better *backed* the next time, and has sent to England for a *Pelham* bit, which it is expected will fit the hardest mouths. The *Cunneimara* poney that was rode in the *Martin-gale*, will run against time from the Circus to the *Custom-house*, and back again to the *House of Lords*, carrying a feather. Play or pay.

NOW in preparation for exhibition, at the National Theatre, a dramatic romance, entirely new; in which will be introduced, an astonishing variety of the most striking scenery, deceptions, and changes. Among

the scenes will be the following, viz. A view of a splendid and populous city, which will change into a mean fishing-town. A beautiful view of a rich country, interspersed with mills, and manufacturers at work, terminated by the sea, covered with shipping, which will suddenly change into a wild and uninhabited desert. A view of a spacious plain, with several parties of tax-gatherers, &c. travelling across it in all directions, attended by bodies of troops, in English uniforms, and representing the naked natives, now flying from, and now skirmishing with them; affording altogether, a very interesting spectacle. A view of an harbour, with a vessel at anchor, and crowds of people hurrying on board with their families, effects, &c. &c.; the distress of those left behind, expressed most admirably, and to the life; with many others not less picturesque. The whole to conclude with a grand emblematic transparency, of a lion playing on an harp, but having overstrained and broken the strings with his claws, it falls from him. His vain, tho' desperate attempts to recover it, are exquisitely portrayed. The scenes all to be prepared in England, from plans designed in London, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. &c. and will be faithfully executed (if possible) under the direction of the English managers, who have been at unceasing pains, and enormous expence already; and will spare neither, in future, to have them accurately got up here. During the performance, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, set to music, and adapted to the harp, will be given.

N. B. The Managers having been compelled to postpone the bringing forward the above representation for some time, acquaint the public however, that they are determined to have it exhibited as soon as possible.

F.

SERGEANT-MAJOR BLABBER, lately arrived from the city of Galway, having discovered, by a curious process, (for which he has lately obtained his Majesty's Patent) a mode of conveying sounds from without doors, very audibly, into great public buildings, after the manner of the whispering gallery, offers his services to all Ministers, Mayors, Aldermen of Police, &c. to whom the said invention may prove to be of the utmost utility. He is to be heard of at Daly's Coffee-house.

SONG.

Tune—Derry Down.

BILLY PITT t'other day says to Master Jack Bull,
Dear Johnny, my brain of a project is full,
I will get you a damsel that's buxom and fresh,
To make bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh.